

Hymns
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A

S E L E C T I O N
O F
H Y M N S,
USED IN THE
C H A P E L
O F THE
LOCK PENITENTIARY,
DORSET-STREET.

D U B L I N:

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The School of Bethesda Female Orphan Asylum is supported, as formerly, by the Collection at an annual Charity Sermon, on the first Sunday in February, and by private Subscriptions.



A
S E L E C T I O N
O F
H Y M N S, &c.

H Y M N I.

- 1 **T**HOU God of power and God of love,
Whose glory fills the realms above,
Whose praise archangels sing;
And veil their faces while they cry
“Thrice-holy!” to their God most high,
“Thrice-holy!” to their King.

- 2 *We* too, poor worms of earth, would join
In work and worship so divine;
O! deign to bow thine ear:
And send a ray of heavenly light,
To scatter all our nature's night;
And in our midst appear.

- 3 Thee as our God *we* too would claim;
And bleſs the Saviour's precious name,
Thro' whom this grace is giv'n;
Who bore the curſe to finners due,
And forms their ruin'd ſouls anew,
And makes them heirs of heav'n.
- 4 The veil that hides thy glory rend,
And *here* in ſaving power deſcend,
Here fix thy bleſt abode;
Here to each heart thyſelf reveal,
And all who enter cauſe to feel
The preſence of our God.
- 5 *Here* let thy Spirit's voice proclaim
The glories of IMMANUEL's name;—
“ The LORD in whom we live;
“ GOD the REDEEMER! ſtrong to ſave
“ From ſin, from ſatan, and the grave,
“ And waiting to forgive.”
- 6 The dead ſhall hear thy quick'ning voice;
And mourners in the ſound rejoice,
And learn celeftial ſtrains:
Hell ſhrink appal'd, and yield his prey,
His captives hail the goſpel day,
And ſpring to burſt their chains.
- 7 Touch with a living coal, O Lord!
Their lips who ſhall proclaim thy word;

Fill them with zeal divine :
 Give them to glory in thy cross,
 To meet, with joy, reproach and loss,
 And seek no praise but thine.

- 7 While earth and hell shall rage in vain,
Here let thy gospel firm remain,
 Thro' time's remotest days.
Thine is the pow'r, the work is *thine* ;
 And, O ! let all to *thee* assign
 The glory and the praise.

H Y M N II.

- 1 **B**ELOVED Saviour, faithful friend,
 The joy of all thy cross's train ;
 In mercy to our aid descend,
 Or else we worship thee in vain !
- 2 Then let us feel thy pardoning love,
 And view thy reconciled face ;
 Yea, in these means thy presence prove
 To bless a vile and helpless race.
- 3 We gladly for thy coming wait,
 Seeking to know thee as thou art ;
 We bow as sinners at thy feet,
 And bid thee welcome to our heart.

H Y M N III.

- 1 **C**OME, let us join our cheerful songs
 With angels round the throne :
 Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
 But all their joys are one.

- 2 ~~W~~orthy the Lamb that died, they cry,
To be exalted thus:
Worthy the Lamb, our hearts reply,
For he was slain for us.
- 3 Jesus is worthy to receive
Honour and power divine;
And blessings more than we can give,
Be, Lord, for ever thine.
- 4 The whole creation join in one,
To bless the sacred name
Of him that sits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb.

H Y M N IV.

- 1 **N**OW let us raise our cheerful strains,
And join the blissful choir above;
There our exalted Saviour reigns,
And there they sing his wond'rous love.
- 2 While seraphs tune th' immortal song,
O may we feel the sacred flame;
And every heart and every tongue
Adore the Saviour's glorious name!
- 3 Were universal nature ours,
And art with all her boasted store;
Nature and art, with all their powers,
Would still confess the offerer poor!

- 4 Yet, tho' for bounty so divine,
 We ne'er can equal honours raise,
 Jesus, may all our hearts be thine,
 And all our tongues proclaim thy praise !

H Y M N V.

- 1 WHERE two or three, with sweet accord,
 Obedient to their sovereign LORD,
 Meet to recount his acts of grace,
 And offer solemn prayer and praise ;
- 2 " There," saith the Saviour, " will I be,
 " Amid that little company ;
 " To them unveil my smiling face,
 " And shed my glories round the place."
- 3 We meet at thy command, O Lord,
 Relying on thy faithful word :
 Now send thy spirit from above,
 To manifest thy dying love.

H Y M N VI.

- 1 TO God the only wise,
 Our Saviour and our King,
 Let all the saints below the skies
 Their humble praises bring.
- 2 'Tis his almighty love,
 His counsel and his care,
 Preserves us safe from sin and death,
 And ev'ry hurtful snare.

3 He will present his saints
Unblemish'd and compleat,
Before the glory of his face,
With joys divinely great.

4 Then all the chosen seed
Shall meet around the throne,
Shall bless the conduct of his grace,
And make his wonders known.

5 To our redeeming God,
Wisdom and pow'r belongs ;
Immortal crowns of majesty,
And everlasting songs !

H Y M N VII.

1 THE God of Abrah'm praise,
Who reigns enthron'd above ;
Antient of everlasting days,
And God of love ;
JEHOVAH, great I AM !
By earth and heav'n confest ;
I bow and bless the sacred Name,
For ever blest.

2 The God of Abrah'm praise,
At whose supreme command
From earth I rise—and seek the joys
At his right-hand :

I all on earth forsake,
Its wisdom, fame, and pow'r;
And him my only portion make,
My shield and tow'r.

3 The God of Abrah'm praise,
Whose all sufficient grace
Shall guide me all my happy days
In all my ways:
He calls a worm his friend!
He calls himself my God!
And he shall save me to the end,
Thro' Jesu's blood!

4 He by himself hath sworn,
I on his oath depend,
I shall, on eagle's wings up-borne, .
To heav'n ascend:
I shall behold his face,
I shall his pow'r adore,
And sing the wonders of his grace,
For evermore.

H Y M N VIII.

1 FROM all that dwell below the skies,
Let the Creator's praise arise:
Let the Redeemer's name be sung,
Through every land, by every tongue.

2 Eternal are thy mercies, Lord;
Eternal truth attends thy word; .

Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise, and set no more.

H Y M N IX.

- 1 **B**EFORE Jehovah's awful throne,
Ye nations bow with sacred joy;
Know that the Lord is God alone,
He can create, and he destroy.
- 2 His sovereign power, without our aid,
Made us of clay and form'd us men:
And when like wandering sheep we stray'd,
He brought us to his fold again.
- 3 We'll crowd thy gates with thankful songs,
High as the heavens our voices raise;
And earth with her ten thousand tongues
Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.
- 4 Wide as the world is thy command,
Vast as eternity thy love;
Firm as a rock thy truth shall stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move.

H Y M N X.

- 1 **G**RATEFUL notes and numbers bring,
While Jehovah's praise we sing:
Holy, holy, holy, Lord!
Be thy glorious name ador'd.

- 2 Men on earth, and faints above,
Sing the great Redeemer's love;
Lord thy mercies never fail,
Hail, celestial goodness! hail.
 - 3 Though unworthy, Lord, thine ear,
Our humble hallelujah's hear;
Purer praise we hope to bring,
When with faints we stand and sing.
 - 4 Lead us to that blissful state,
Where thou reign'st supremely great,
Look with pity from thy throne,
And send thy holy Spirit down.
 - 5 While on earth ordain'd to stay,
Guide our footsteps in thy way;
'Till we come to reign with thee,
And all thy glorious greatness see.
 - 6 Then with angels we'll again,
Wake a louder louder strain;
Then in joyful songs of praise,
We'll our grateful voices raise.
 - 7 There no tongue shall silent be,
There all shall join sweet harmony:
Then thro' Heaven's all spacious round,
Thy praise, O God shall ever sound.
- Lord thy mercies never fail,
Hail celestial goodness! hail.

H Y M N XI.

- 1 **G**LORY be to God on high,
God, whose glory fills the sky;
Peace on earth to man is given,
Man, the well-belov'd of heaven.
- 2 Sovereign Father, heavenly King,
Thee we now presume to sing;
Glad thine attributes confess,
Glorious all and numberless.
- 3 Hail! by all thy works ador'd,
Hail! thou everlasting Lord;
Thee with thankful hearts we prove,
Lord of power, and God of love.
- 4 Christ our Lord and God we own,
Christ, the Father's only Son:
Lamb of God for sinners slain,
Saviour of rebellious man!

H Y M N XII.

- 1 **F**ATHER, how wide thy glory shines!
How high thy wonders rise!
Known through the earth by thousand signs,
By thousand thro' the skies.

- 2 Those mighty orbs proclaim thy power;
Their motions speak thy skill:
And on the wings of every hour
We read thy patience still.
- 3 But, when we view thy great design
To save rebellious worms,
Where righteousness and mercy shine
In their divinest forms:
- 4 Here the whole Deity is known;
Nor dares a creature guess,
Which of the glories brightest shone,
The justice or the grace.
- 5 Now the full glories of the Lamb
Adorn the heavenly plains;
Bright seraphs chaunt Immanuel's name,
And bring their choicest strains.
- 6 O may I bear some humble part
In that immortal song!
Wonder and joy shall tune my heart,
And love command my tongue.

H Y M N XIII.

- 1 GREAT God, to thy Almighty love,
What honours shall we raise?
Not all the raptur'd songs above,
Can render equal praise.

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- 2 All nature owns his guardian care,
In him we live and move ;
But nobler benefits declare
The wonders of his love.
- 3 He gave his son, his only son,
To ransom rebel worms ;
'Tis here he makes his goodness known
In its diviner forms.
- 4 To this dear refuge, LORD, we come,
'Tis here our hope relies ;
A safe defence, a peaceful home,
When storms of trouble rise.

H Y M N XIV.

- 1 **N**OW begin the heavenly theme,
Sing aloud in Jesu's name :
Ye who Jesu's kindness prove,
Triumph in Redeeming Love.
- 2 Ye, alas ! who long have been
Willing slaves of death and sin,
Now from bliss no longer rove,
Stop, and taste Redeeming Love.
- 3 Welcome all by sin oppress'd,
Welcome to his sacred rest ;
Nothing brought him from above,
Nothing but Redeeming Love.

- 4 When his Spirit leads us home,
When we to his glory come,
We shall all the fulness prove
Of our Lord's Redeeming Love.
- 5 Hither, then, your music bring,
Strike aloud each cheerful string;
Mortals join the host above,
Join to praise Redeeming Love.

H Y M N XV.

- 1 SALVATION! O the joyful sound,
What pleasure to our ears!
A sov'reign balm for ev'ry wound,
A cordial for our fears.

C H O R U S.

*Glory, honour, praise, and power,
Be unto the Lamb for ever:
Jesus Christ is our Redeemer!
Hallelujah! praise the Lord.*

- 2 Salvation! Let the echo fly
The spacious earth around,
While all the armies of the sky
Conspire to raise the sound.

Glory, &c.

- 3 Salvation ! O thou bleeding Lamb !
 To thee the praise belongs :
 Salvation shall inspire our hearts,
 And dwell upon our tongues.

Glory, &c.

H Y M N XVI.

- 1 REJOICE, the Lord is King ;
 Your Lord and King adore :
 Mortals give thanks and sing,
 And triumph evermore.
 Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice,
 Rejoice, again I say rejoice.

- 2 Jesus the Saviour reigns,
 The God of truth and love :
 When he had purg'd our stains,
 He took his seat above.
 Lift up your hearts, &c.

- 3 He all our foes shall quell,
 And satan's works destroy ;
 And every bosom swell
 With pure seraphic joy.
 Lift up your hearts, &c.

- 4 His kingdom cannot fail,
 He rules o'er earth and heaven ;
 The keys of death and hell
 Are to our Saviour given.
 Lift up your hearts, &c.

5 He sits at God's right hand
 Till all his foes submit,
 And bow to his command,
 And fall beneath his feet.
 Lift up your hearts, &c.

6 Rejoice in glorious hope,
 Jesus the judge shall come,
 And take his pilgrims up
 To their eternal home:
 We soon shall hear th' archangel's voice,
 The trump of God shall sound, rejoice.

H Y M N XVII.

- 1 SHOUT, for the blessed JESUS reigns,
 Thro' distant lands his triumphs spread:
 And sinners, free'd from endless pains,
 Own him their Saviour and their head.
- 2 His sons and daughters from afar,
 Daily at Sion's gate arrive;
 Those who were dead in sin before,
 By sovereign grace are made alive.
- 3 O may his conquest still increase,
 And every foe his power subdue;
 While angels celebrate his praise,
 And saints his growing glories shew.

- 4 Loud hallelujahs to the Lamb
From all below and all above ;
In lofty songs exalt his name,
In songs as lasting as his love.

H Y M N XVIII.

- 1 JESUS, thou art our king,
To me thy succour bring;
Christ, the mighty one art thou,
Help for all on thee is laid:
This the word, I claim it now,
Send me now the promis'd aid.
- 2 High on thy Father's throne,
O look with pity down;
Help, O help! attend my call,
Captive lead captivity:
King of glory, Lord of all,
Christ, be Lord, be King to me.
- 3 Triumph and reign in me,
And spread thy victory:
Hell, and death, and sin controul,
Pride, and wrath, and ev'ry foe.
All subdue: through all my soul
Conqu'ring and to conquer go!

H Y M N XIX.

- 1 **F**ATHER of our dying Lord,
Remember us for good
O fulfil his faithful word,
And hear his speaking blood !
Give us that for which he prays ;
Father, glorify thy Son ;
Shew his truth, and pow'r, and grace,
And send the promise down.
- 2 True and faithful Witness, thou,
O Christ, the Spirit give !
Hast thou not receiv'd him now,
That we might now receive ?
Art thou not our living Head ?
Life to all thy limbs impart :
Shed thy love, thy Spirit shed,
In ev'ry waiting heart.

H Y M N XX.

- 1 **C**OME, Holy Spirit, come,
Let thy bright beams arise ;
Dispel the sorrow from our minds,
The darkness from our eyes.
- 2 Cheer our desponding hearts
With visitations sweet ;
Give us to lie, with humble hope,
At our Redeemer's feet.

- 3 Revive our drooping faith,
Our doubts and fears remove;
And kindle in our breasts the flame
Of never-dying love.
- 4 Convince us of our sin,
Then lead to Jesu's blood;
And to our wondering view reveal
The secret love of God.
- 5 'Tis thine to cleanse the heart,
T' illuminate the soul;
To pour fresh life on every part,
And new create the whole.

H Y M N XXI.

- 1 **G**UIDE us, O thou great Jehovah!
Pilgrims, through this barren land;
We are weak, but thou art mighty;
Hold us with thy powerful hand:
Bread of heaven, &c.
Feed us till we want no more.
- 2 Open, Lord, the crystal fountain
Whence the healing waters flow,
Let the fiery cloudy pillar
Lead us all our journey through:
Strong deliverer, &c.
Be thou still our strength and shield.

- 3 When we tread the verge of Jordan,
 Bid our anxious fears subside;
 Death of deaths, and hell's destruction,
 Land us safe on Canaan's side:
 Songs of praises, &c.
 We will ever give to thee.

H Y M N XXII.

- 1 WAIT, O my soul, thy Maker's will,
 Tumultuous passions, all be still!
 Nor let a murmuring thought arise,
 His ways are just, his councils wise.
- 2 He in the thickest darkness dwells,
 Performs his works, the cause conceals;
 But tho' his methods are unknown,
 Judgment and truth support his throne.
- 3 Wait then, my soul, submissive wait,
 Prostrate before his awful seat;
 And 'midst the terrors of his rod
 Trust in a wise and gracious God.

H Y M N XXIII.

- 1 THOU very paschal Lamb,
 Whose blood for us was shed,
 Thro' whom we out of Egypt came;
 Thy ransom'd people lead.

- 2 Angel of Gospel-grace!
Fulfil thy character,
To guard and feed the chosen race,
In Israel's camp appear.
- 3 Throughout the desert way
Conduct us by thy light;
Be thou a cooling cloud by day,
A cheering fire by night.
- 4 Our fainting souls sustain
With blessings from above,
And ever on thy people rain
The manna of thy love.

H Y M N XXIV.

- 1 **C**HILDREN of the heavenly King,
As ye journey, sweetly sing;
Sing your Saviour's worthy praise,
Glorious in his works and ways.
- 2 Ye are travelling home to God
In the way the fathers trod;
They are happy now, and ye
Soon their happiness shall see.
- 3 Shout, ye little flock, and blest,
You on JESU's throne shall rest;
There your seat is now prepar'd,
There your kingdom and reward.

- 4 LORD! submissive make us go,
Gladly leaving all below;
Only thou our leader be,
And we still will follow thee!

H Y M N XXV.

- 1 **T**HRO' all the changing scenes of life,
In trouble and in joy,
The praises of my GOD will still
My heart and tongue employ.
- 2 The hosts of GOD encamp around
The dwellings of the just:
Protection he affords to all
Who make his name their trust.
- 3 O make but trial of his love!
Experience will decide,
How blest are they and only they,
Who in his truth confide.
- 4 Fear him, ye faints, and you will then
Have nothing else to fear;
Make you his service your delight;
Your wants shall be his care.

H Y M N XXVI.

- 1 **T**HY ways, O LORD, with wise design,
Are fram'd upon thy throne above,
And every dark or bending line,
Meets in the centre of thy love.

- 2 With feeble light, and half obscure,
Poor mortals thy arrangements view,
Not knowing that the least are sure,
And the mysterious just and true.
- 3 My favour'd soul shall meekly learn,
To lay her reason at thy throne;
Too weak thy secrets to discern,
I'll trust thee for my guide alone.

H Y M N XXVII.

- 1 **G**OD moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform;
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.
- 2 Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up his bright designs,
And works his sov'reign will.
- 3 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take;
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.
- 4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust him for his grace;
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.

5 His purposes will ripen fast,
 Unfolding every hour ;
 The bud may have a bitter taste,
 But sweet will be the flower.

6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,
 And scan his work in vain :
 God is his own interpreter,
 And he will make it plain.

H Y M N XXVIII.

1 **H**OLY Lamb, who thee receive,
 Who in thee begin to live ;
 Day and night they cry to thee,
 As thou art, so let us be.

2 Fix, O ! - fix each wavering mind,
 To thy cross our spirits bind ;
 Earthly passions far remove,
 Swallow up our souls in love !

3 Dust and ashes though we be,
 Full of sin and misery ;
 Thine we are, thou Son of God,
 Take the purchase of thy blood.

4 Boundless wisdom, power divine,
 Love unspeakable are thine ;
 Praise by all to thee be given,
 Sons of earth and hosts of heaven.

H Y M N XXIX.

- 1 JESUS, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high;
Hide me, O my Saviour hide,
Till the storm of life is past;
Safe into the haven guide:
O receive my soul at last!
- 2 Other refuge I have none;
Hangs my helpless soul on thee:
Leave, ah! leave me not alone;
Still support and comfort me:
All my trust on thee is stay'd,
All mine help from thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of thy wing.
- 3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
More than all in thee I find;
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
Thou of life the fountain art,
Freely let me take of thee:
Spring thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity.

H Y M N XXX.

- 1 **W**HERE'ER, O Lord! we turn our eyes,
Thy glorious footsteps shine;
Wonders of pow'r and goodness rise,
And speak their source divine.
- 2 While sweet reflection, thro' our days
Thy bounteous hand would trace;
Still dearer blessings claim thy praise,
The blessings of thy grace.
- 3 Yes, we adore thee, gracious LORD!
For favours more divine;
That we have known thy sacred word,
Where all thy glories shine.
- 4 LORD, when this mortal frame decays,
And every weakness dies,
Complete the wonders of thy grace,
And raise us to the skies.
- 5 Then shall our joyful powers unite,
In more exalted lays,
And join the happy sons of light
In everlasting praise.

H Y M N XXXI.

- 1 **H**OW sad our state by nature is,
Our sin how deep it stains !
And satan binds our captive souls
Fast in his slavish chains.
- 2 But there's a voice of sov'reign grace
Sounds from God's sacred word ;
Ho ! ye despairing sinners, come,
And trust upon the Lord.
- 3 O may we hear th' almighty call
And run to this relief !
We would believe thy promise, Lord,
O help our unbelief !
- 4 Poor, guilty, weak, and helpless worms,
Into thine hands we fall ;
Be thou our strength and righteousness,
Our Saviour and our all !

H Y M N XXXII.

- 1 **O** COME, thou wounded Lamb of God,
And wash us in thy cleansing blood ;
Give us to know thy love, then pain
Is sweet, and life or death is gain,
- 2 Take our poor hearts, and let them be
For ever clos'd to all but thee :

Seal thou our breasts, and let us wear
That pledge of love for ever there.

- 3 Ah, Lord! enlarge our scanty thought,
To know the wonders thou hast wrought;
Unloose our stammering tongues, to tell
Thy love immense, unsearchable.
- 4 First born of many brethren thou,
To thee both earth and heaven shall bow!
Help us, to thee our all to give:
Thine may we die! thine may we live!

H Y M N XXXIII.

- 1 THERE is a fountain fill'd with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins;
And sinners plung'd beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains.
- 2 The dying thief rejoic'd to see
That fountain in his day,
And there may I, as vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.
- 3 Dear dying Lamb, thy precious blood,
Shall never lose it's pow'r,
Till all the ransom'd church of God,
Be sav'd to sin no more.

- 4 Then in a nobler sweeter song,
 I'll sing thy pow'r to save;
 When this poor lisping stammering tongue
 Lies silent in the grave.

H Y M N XXXIV.

- 1 **F**OR ever here my rest shall be,
 Close to thy bleeding side;
 This all my hope, and all my plea,
 For me the Saviour died!
- 2 My dying Saviour and my God,
 Fountain for guilt and sin,
 Sprinkle me ever with thy blood,
 And cleanse, and keep me clean.
- 3 Th' atonement of thy blood apply,
 Till faith to sight improve;
 Till hope in full fruition die,
 And all my soul be love.

H Y M N XXXV.

- 1 **H**ARK! the herald angels sing,
 Glory to the new-born King!
 Peace on earth and mercy mild,
 God and sinners reconcil'd.
- 2 Joyful, all ye nations, rise,
 Join the triumph of the skies;

With the heavenly host proclaim,
 " Christ is born in Bethlehem !"

- 3 Christ, by highest heaven ador'd ;
 Christ, the everlasting Lord ;
 Late in time behold him come,
 Offspring of a virgin's womb.
- 4 Mild, he lays his glory by,
 Born, that man no more may die :
 Born to raise the sons of earth,
 Born to give them second birth.
- 5 Come, desire of nations, come,
 Fix in us thy humble home ;
 Rise, the woman's conquering seed,
 Bruise in us the serpent's head.

H Y M N XXXVI.

- 1 **H**ARK, the glad sound, the Saviour comes,
 The Saviour promis'd long !
 Let every heart prepare a throne,
 And every voice a song.
- 2 He comes the prisoners to release,
 In Satan's bondage held ;
 The gates of brass before him burst,
 The iron fetters yield.

- 3 He comes, the broken heart to bind,
The bleeding soul to cure;
And with the treasures of his grace
T' enrich the humble poor.
- 4 Our glad hosannas, Prince of Peace,
Thy welcome shall proclaim;
And Heaven's eternal arches ring
With thy beloved name.

H Y M N XXXVII.

- 1 PLUNG'D in a gulph of dark despair,
We wretched sinners lay,
Without one cheerful beam of hope,
Or spark of glimm'ring day.
- 2 With pitying eyes, the PRINCE of grace
Beheld our helpless grief,
He saw, and (O amazing love!)
He came to our relief.
- 3 Down from the shining seats above,
With joyful haste he fled,
Enter'd the grave in mortal flesh,
And dwelt among the dead.
- 4 O! for this love, let rocks and hills
Their lasting silence break,
And all harmonious human tongues
The SAVIOR's praises speak.

- 5 Angels ! assist our mighty joys,
Strike all your harps of gold ;
But when you raise your highest notes,
His love can ne'er be told.

H Y M N XXXVIII:

- 1 **B**EHOLD the Saviour of mankind
Nail'd to the shameful tree ;
How vast the love that him inclin'd
To bleed and die for me !
- 2 Hark, how he groans ! while nature shakes,
And earth's strong pillars bend !
The temple's veil in sunder breaks,
The solid marbles rend.
- 3 'Tis done ! the precious ransom's paid,
" Receive my soul," he cries !
See, where he bows his sacred head !
He bows his head and dies.
- 4 But soon he'll break death's envious chain,
And in full glory shine :
O Lamb of God ! was ever pain,
Was ever love like thine !

H Y M N XXXIX.

- 1 **W**HEN I survey the wond'rous cross
On which the Prince of glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

- 2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast
Save in the death of Christ my God:
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to his blood.
- 3 See from his head, his hands and feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down!
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?
- 4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my heart, my life, my all.

H Y M N XL.

- 1 **A**LAS! and did my Saviour bleed?
And did my Sov'reign die?
Wou'd he devote that sacred head
For such a worm as I?
- 2 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in;
When Christ the mighty maker died,
For man the creature's sin!
- 3 Thus might I hide my blushing face,
While his dear cross appears;
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt mine eyes to tears.

- 4 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe;
Here, Lord, I give myself away,
O help me so to do!

H Y M N XLI.

- 1 FROM Salem's gate advancing slow,
What object meets my eyes?
What means this majesty of woe?
What mean these mingled cries?
- 2 Who can it be that groans beneath
A pond'rous cross of wood;
Whose soul's o'erwhelm'd in pains of death,
And body's bath'd in blood?
- 3 Is this the man, can this be he,
The prophets have foretold,
Should with transgressors number'd be,
And for their crimes be sold?
- 4 Yes, now I know 'tis He, 'tis He,
E'en Jesus, God's dear Son;
Wrapt in mortality to die
For crimes that I have done.
- 5 O! blessed sight, O! lovely form,
To sinful souls like me!
My soul! creep near him as a worm
And see Him die for thee.

H Y M N XLII.

- 1 **N**OW to the Lamb, that once was slain,
Be endless blessings paid ;
Salvation, glory, joy remain
For ever on thy head.
- 2 Thou hast redeem'd us by thy blood,
And set the prisoners free ;
Hast made us kings and priests to God,
And we shall reign with thee.

H Y M N XLIII.

- 1 **H**E dies ! the friend of sinners dies !
Lo ! Salem's daughters weep around !
A solemn darkness veils the skies !
A sudden trembling shakes the ground !
Come, saints, and drop a tear or two
For him who groan'd beneath your load ;
He shed a thousand drops for you,
A thousand drops of richer blood !
- 2 Here's love and grief beyond degree,
The Lord of Glory dies for man !
But lo ! what sudden joys we see ;
Jesus the dead revives again !
The rising God forsakes his tomb,
The tomb in vain forbids his rise !
Cherubic legions guard him home,
And shout him welcome to the skies !

- 3 Break off your tears, ye saints, and tell
How high our great Deliverer reigns!
Sing how he spoil'd the hosts of hell,
And led the monster, Death, in chains!
Say, "Live for ever, wond'rous King,
Born to redeem, and strong to save!"
Then ask the monster, "Where's thy sting?
And where's thy victory, boasting grave!"

H Y M N XLIV:

- 1 OUR Lord is risen from the dead,
Our Saviour is gone up on high:
The powers of hell are captive led,
Dragg'd to the portals of the sky.
- 2 There his triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chaunt the solemn lay;
Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates,
Ye everlasting doors, give way.
- 3 Loose all your massy bars of light,
And wide unfold th' etherial scene;
He claims those mansions as his right,
Receive the King of Glory in.
- 4 Who is the King of Glory, who?
The Lord, that all his foes o'ercame;
The world, sin, death, and hell o'erthrew,
And Jesus is the conqueror's name.

- 5 Lo ! his triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chaunt the solemn lay :
Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates,
Ye everlasting doors, give way.
- 6 Who is the King of Glory, who ?
The Lord of glorious power posselt :
The king of saints and angels too,
God over all, for ever blest !

H Y M N XLV.

- 1 **G**RANTED is the Saviour's prayer,
Now descends the comforter ;
Brings his sayings to our mind :
Heavenly teacher of mankind !
- 2 Come, divine and peaceful Guest,
Enter now our waiting breast ;
Holy Ghost, each heart inspire,
Kindle there the Gospel fire.
- 3 Now descend and shake the earth,
Wake us into second birth ;
Now thy quick'ning influence give,
Breath ; and these dry bones shall live !
- 4 Brood thou o'er our nature's night,
Darkness kindles into light ;
Spread thine overshadowing wings,
Order from confusion springs.

- 5 Pain and sin, and sorrow cease,
Thee we taste and all is peace;
Joy divine in thee we prove,
Light of truth and fire of love.

H Y M N XLVI.

- 1 **L**O! he comes with clouds descending,
Once for favour'd sinners slain!
Thousand thousand saints attending,
Swell the triumph of his train:
Hallelujah!
Hallelujah! Amen.

- 2 Every eye shall now behold him
Rob'd in awful majesty;
Those who set at nought and sold him,
Pierc'd and nail'd him to the tree,
Deeply wailing,
Shall the great Messiah see.

- 3 Now redemption long expected,
See! in solemn pomp appear!
All his saints by man rejected,
Now shall meet him in the air!
Hallelujah!
See the day of God appear!

H Y M N XLVII.

- 1 **H**E comes! behold the judge appear;
The seventh trumpet speaks him near!
His lightnings flash, his thunders roll,
How welcome to the faithful soul!
- 2 From heaven angelic voices sound,
Lo! the Almighty Jesus crown'd!
Girt with omnipotence and grace,
And glory decks the Saviour's face.
- 3 Descending on his azure throne,
He claims the kingdoms for his own:
The kingdoms all obey his word,
And hail him their triumphant Lord.
- 4 Shout, all ye people of the sky,
And all ye saints of the Most High:
Our God, who now his right obtains,
For ever, and for ever reigns.

H Y M N XLVIII.

- 1 **F**LOW fast my tears; the cause is great;
This tribute claims an injur'd friend:
One whom I long pursu'd with hate,
And yet He lov'd me to the end.

When death his terrors round me spread,
And aim'd his arrows at my head,
Christ interpos'd, the wound He bore ;
And bade the monster dare no more.

- 2 Fast flow my tears, yet faster flow,
Stream copious as yon purple tide,
'Twas I that dealt the deadly blow,
I urg'd the hand that pierc'd his side.
Keen pangs and agonizing smart
Oppress his soul, and rend his heart ;
Whilst justice, arm'd with Pow'r Divine,
Pours on his head what's due to mine.
- 3 Fast, and yet faster flow my tears,
Love breaks the heart, and drains the eyes ;
His visage marr'd, towards heaven He rears,
And pleading for his murd'rer dies !
My grief nor measure knows nor end,
'Till he appears the sinner's friend ;
And gives me in a happy hour,
To feel the risen Saviour's pow'r.

H Y M N XLIX.

- 1 MY Saviour, thou didst shed
Thy precious blood for me ;
O dwell within my worthless heart,
And let me live to thee.

- 2 Thou callest me, O Lord,
To come to thee and live ;
I therefore come with all my sins,
I know thou canst forgive.
- 3 And when this life is o'er,
O may I dwell with Thee,
Still worshipping the blessed Lamb,
Who liv'd and died for me.

H Y M N L.

- 1 **A**WAKE our souls, away our fears !
Let every trembling thought be gone :
Awake, and run the heavenly race,
And put a cheerful courage on.
- 2 'True, 'tis a straight and thorny road,
And mortal spirits tire and faint ;
But Jesus is the mighty God,
Who feeds the strength of every saint.
- 3 From thee, the ever-flowing spring,
Believers drink a fresh supply ;
While such as trust their native strength,
Will melt away, and droop, and die.
- 4 Swift as an eagle cuts the air,
O may we mount to thine abode !
On wings of love our souls shall fly,
Nor tire amidst the heavenly road !

H Y M N LI.

- 1 **R**ISE, my soul, and stretch thy wings,
Thy better portion trace;
Rise from transitory things,
Towards heaven thy native place.
Sun, and moon, and stars decay,
Time shall soon this earth remove:
Rise, my soul, and haste away
To seats prepar'd above.
- 2 Cease, ye pilgrims, cease to mourn;
Press onward to the prize;
Soon the Saviour will return
Triumphant in the skies:
Yet a season, and you know
Happy entrance will be given,
All our sorrows left below,
And earth exchange'd for heaven.

H Y M N LII.

- 1 **H**O! ev'ry one that thirsts draw nigh,
('Tis God invites the fallen race;)
Mercy and free salvation buy,
Buy wine, and milk, and gospel grace.
- 2 Come, to the living waters, come,
Sinners obey your maker's voice,
Return ye weary wand'ers, home,
And in redeeming love rejoice.

- 3 See, from the rock a fountain rise !
For you in healing streams it rolls !
Money ye need not bring, nor price,
Ye lab'ring, burthen'd, sin-sick souls.
- 4 Nothing ye in exchange shall give ;
Leave all ye have, and are, behind :
Freely the gift of God receive,
Pardon and peace in Jesus find.

H Y M N LIII.

- 1 **BLOW** ye the trumpet, blow,
The gladly-solemn sound ;
Let all the nations know
To earth's remotest bound,
The year of jubilee is come ;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners home !
- 2 Jesus, our great High-Priest,
Hath full atonement made ;
Ye weary spirits, rest ;
Ye mourning souls, be glad ;
The year of jubilee, &c.
- 3 Ye slaves of sin and hell,
Your liberty receive ;
Secure in Jesus dwell,
And on his fulness live :
The year of jubilee, &c.

- 4 Extol the Lamb of God,
 The great atoning Lamb;
 Redemption in his blood
 Throughout the world proclaim :
 The year of jubilee, &c.

H Y M N LIV.

- 1 SINNERS, obey the gospel-word !
 Hasten to the supper of your Lord :
 Be wise to know your gracious day !
 All things are ready ; come away.
- 2 Ready the father is to own
 And meet his late returning son :
 Ready the loving Saviour stands,
 And spreads for you his bleeding hands.
- 3 Ready the spirit of his love
 Awaits, the stony heart to move ;
 To sprinkle the atoning blood,
 And wash, and seal you sons of God.
- 4 Ready for you the angels wait,
 To triumph in your blest estate :
 With harps of gold, they long to praise
 The wonders of redeeming grace.
- 5 Come then, ye sinners, to your Lord,
 To happiness in Christ restor'd ;

His proffer'd benefits embrace,
And freely now be saved by grace.

H Y M N LV.

- 1 **Y**E wretched, hungry, starving poor,
Behold a royal feast!
Where mercy spreads her bounteous store
For ev'ry welcome guest.
- 2 See, Jesus stands with open arms;
He calls, he bids you come:
Guilt holds you back, and fear alarms;
But see, there yet is room.
- 3 Room in the Saviour's bleeding heart,
There love and pity meet;
Nor will He bid the soul depart,
That trembles at his feet.
- 4 In Him the Father, reconcil'd,
Invites the soul to come;
The rebel shall be call'd a child,
And kindly welcom'd home.
- 5 O come, and with his children taste
The blessings of his love;
While hope attends the sweet repast
Of nobler joys above.

- 6 There, with united heart and voice,
Before th' eternal throne,
Ten thousand thousand souls rejoice,
In extasies unknown.
- 7 Ten thousand times ten thousand more
Are welcome still to come;
Ye longing souls the grace adore;
Approach, there yet is room.

H Y M N LVI.

- 1 **C**OME, weary souls with sins distressed,
Come, and accept the promis'd rest;
The Saviour's gracious call obey,
And cast your gloomy fears away.
- 2 Oppress'd with guilt, a painful load;
O come, and spread your woes abroad;
Divine compassion, mighty love
Will all the painful load remove.
- 3 Here mercy's boundless ocean flows,
To cleanse your guilt and heal your woes,
Pardon and life, and endless peace;
How rich the gift! how free the grace!
- 4 Lord, we accept with thankful heart,
The hope thy gracious words impart;
We come with trembling, yet rejoice,
And bless the kind inviting voice.

- 5 Yes, Saviour! let thy powerful love
Confirm our faith, our fears remove;
And sweetly influence ev'ry breast,
And guide us to eternal rest.

H Y M N LVII.

- 1 O Thou that hear'st when sinners cry,
Tho' all my crimes before thee lie,
Behold me not with angry look,
But blot their mem'ry from thy book.
- 2 Tho' I have griev'd thy Spirit, Lord,
His help and comfort still afford:
And let a wretch come near thy throne
To plead the merits of thy Son.
- 3 My soul lies humbled in the dust,
And owns thy dreadful sentence just:
Yet view me, Lord, with pitying eye,
And save the soul condemn'd to die.
- 5 Then will I teach the world thy ways,
Sinners shall learn thy sov'reign grace:
I'll point them to my Saviour's blood,
And they shall praise a pard'ning God.
- 6 O may thy love inspire my tongue,
Salvation shall be all my song;
And all my pow'rs shall join to bless
The Lord, my strength and righteousness.

H Y M N LVIII.

- 1 **J**ESU! Redeemer, Saviour, Lord,
The weary sinner's friend;
Come to my help, pronounce the word,
And bid my troubles end.
- 2 Thy pow'rful spirit can subdue
Unconquerable sin;
Cleanse this foul heart, and make it new,
And write thy law within.
- 3 Bound down, with twice ten thousand ties,
Yet let me hear thy call;
My soul in confidence shall rise,
Shall rise, and break thro' all.
- 4 Thou canst o'ercome this heart of mine,
Thou canst victorious prove;
For everlasting strength is thine,
And everlasting love.

H Y M N LIX.

- 1 **C**OME, ye that love the Lord,
And let your joys be known;
Join in a song with sweet accord,
While ye surround his throne.

E

- 2 The God that rules on high,
That all the earth surveys,
That rides upon the stormy sky,
And calms the roaring seas:
- 3 This awful God is ours,
Our God of boundless love;
He will send down his heav'nly pow'rs
To carry us above.
- 4 Then let our songs abound,
And ev'ry tear be dry;
We're marching through Immanuel's ground
To fairer worlds on high.

H Y M N LX.

- 1 **M**Y God, the spring of all my joys,
The life of my delights,
The glory of my brightest days,
And comfort of my nights.
- 2 In darkest shades if thou appear,
My dawning is begun;
Thou art my soul's bright morning star,
And thou my rising sun.
- 3 The op'ning heav'ns around me shine
With beams of sacred bliss,
If Jesus shews his mercy mine,
And whispers I am his.

- 4 My soul would leave this heavy clay
At that transporting word,
Run up with joy the shining way,
To see and praise my Lord.
- 5 Fearless of hell and ghastly death,
I'd break through every foe;
The wings of love and arms of faith
Should bear me conqueror through.

H Y M N LXI.

- 1 **W**HEN darkness long has veil'd my mind,
And smiling day once more appears,
Then my Redeemer, then I find,
The folly of my doubts and fears.
- 2 Strait I upbraid my wand'ring heart,
And blush that I shou'd ever be
So prone to act so base a part,
And harbour one hard thought of Thee.
- 3 O let me then at length be taught,
What still I am so slow to learn,
That God is *love* and *changes not*,
Nor knows the shadow of a turn.
- 4 Sweet truth, and easy to repeat,
But when my faith is sharply try'd,
I find myself a learner yet,
Unskilful, weak, and apt to slide.

- 5 But Oh! my Lord, one look from Thee
 Subdues the disobedient will,
 Drives doubt, and discontent away,
 And thy rebellious worm is still.
- 6 Thou art as willing to forgive,
 As I am ready to repine;
 Thou therefore all the praise receive,
 Be shame, and self-abhorrence mine.

H Y M N LXII.

- 1 **A**WAY, my unbelieving fear!
 Let fear in me no more take place;
 My Saviour doth not yet appear,
 He hides the brightness of his face:
 But shall I therefore let him go,
 And basely to the tempter yield?
 No, in the strength of JESUS, no!
 I never will give up my shield.
- 2 Away, each unbelieving fear,
 Let fear to cheering hope give place;
 My Saviour will at length appear,
 And show the brightness of his face:
 Tho' now my prospects all be cross,
 My blooming hopes cut off I see,
 In Jesus still I'll place my trust,
 Whose boundless love can reach to me.

- 3 In hope, believing against hope,
His promis'd mercy will I claim;
His gracious word shall bear me up
To seek salvation in his name:
Soon, my dear Saviour, bring it nigh!
My soul shall then outstrip the wind,
On wings of love mount up on high,
And leave the world and sin behind.

H Y M N LXIII.

- 1 **H**APPY soul, that free from harms,
Rests within his Shepherd's arms!
Who his quiet shall molest?
Who shall violate his rest?
- 2 O that I might so believe,
Stedfastly to Jesus cleave;
Free from sin and servile fear,
Have my Saviour ever near.
- 3 Jesus, seek thy wand'ring sheep,
Bring me back, and lead, and keep;
Let me know my Shepherd's voice,
More and more in thee rejoice.
- 4 O that I at last may stand
With the sheep at thy right hand;
Take the crown so freely given;
Enter in by thee to heav'n.

H Y M N LXIV.

- 1 SWEET is the work, O God, our King !
To praise thy name, give thanks and sing;
To shew thy love by morning light,
And tell of all thy truth by night.
- 2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest :
Drive earthly care from every breast ;
And let our hearts in tune be found,
Like David's harp of solemn sound.
- 3 Our hearts shall triumph in thee, Lord,
And bless thy work, and bless thy word :
Thy works of grace, how bright they shine !
How deep thy counsels ! how divine !
- 4 O, may we see, and hear, and know,
What mortals cannot reach below !
May all our powers find sweet employ
In Christ's eternal world of joy !

H Y M N LXV.

- 1 O RENDER thanks to God above,
The fountain of eternal love,
Whose mercy firm thro' ages past
Has stood and shall for ever last.
- 2 Who can his mighty deeds express,
Not only vast, but numberless ?

What mortal eloquence can raise
His tribute of immortal praise ?

- 3 O ! may I worthy prove to see
Thy saints in full prosperity !
That I the joyful choir may join
And count thy people's triumph mine.
- 4 Let *Israel's* God be ever blest,
His Name eternally confess ;
Let all his saints with full accord,
Sing loud Amens—Praise ye the Lord.

H Y M N LXVI.

- 1 PRAISE the Lord, who reigns above,
And keeps his courts below ;
Praise our God of boundless love ;
And all his greatness shew.
Praise Him for his noble deeds,
Praise Him for his matchless pow'r :
Him from whom all good proceeds,
Let earth and heav'n adore.
- 2 Publish, spread to all around
The great Immanuel's name :
Let the gospel trumpet's sound,
Him Prince of peace proclaim :
Praise Him, ev'ry tuneful string,
All the reach of heav'nly art ;
All the pow'rs of music bring,
The music of the heart.

- 3 Him in whom they move and live
 Let ev'ry creature sing :
 Glory to our Saviour give,
 And homage to our King.
 Hallow'd be his name beneath,
 As in Heav'n on earth ador'd :
 Praise the Lord in ev'ry breath ;
 Let all things praise the Lord !

H Y M N LXVII.

- 1 I'LL praise my Saviour while I've breath,
 And when my voice is lost in death,
 Praise shall employ my nobler pow'rs ;
 My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
 While life, and thought, and being last,
 Or immortality endures.
- 2 Happy the man whose hopes rely
 On Israel's God ; he made the sky,
 And earth, and seas, with all their train :
 His truth for ever stands secure !
 He saves th' oppress'd, he feeds the poor.
 And none shall find his promise vain.
- 3 The Lord pours eye-sight on the blind ;
 The Lord supports the fainting mind ;
 He sends the lab'ring conscience peace,
 He helps the stranger in distress,
 The widow and the fatherless,
 And grants the pris'ner sweet release.

H Y M N LXVIII.

1 **W**E give immortal praise,
 To God the Father's love ;
 For all our comforts here,
 And better hopes above.
 He sent his own
 Eternal Son,
 To die for sins
 That man had done.

2 To God the Son belongs
 Immortal Glory too,
 Who bought us with his blood,
 From everlasting woe.
 And now he lives,
 And now he reigns,
 And sees the fruit
 Of all his pains.

3 To God the Spirit's name,
 Immortal worship give ;
 Whose new-creating pow'r
 Makes the dead sinner live.
 His work compleats
 The great design,
 And fills the soul
 With joy divine.

H Y M N LXIX.

- 1 **L**ORD of the worlds above,
How pleasant and how fair
The dwellings of thy love,
Thine earthly temples are!
To thine abode
My heart aspires,
With warm desires
To see my God.
- 2 O happy souls that pray
Where God appoints to hear!
O happy men that pay
Their constant service there!
They praise thee still;
And happy they
That love the way
To *Zion's* hill.
- 3 They go from strength to strength
Thro' this dark vale of tears,
Till each arrives at length,
Till each in heaven appears:
O glorious seat,
When God our King
Shall thither bring
Our willing feet!

- 4 God is our sun and shield,
Our light and our defence;
With gifts his hands are fill'd,
We draw our blessings thence:
He shall bestow,
On *Jacob's* race,
Peculiar grace,
And Glory too.

H Y M N LXX.

- 1 **L**IGHT of those whose dreary dwelling
Borders on the shades of death,
Rise on us, thy self revealing,
And disperse the clouds beneath:
- 2 The new heaven's and earth's Creator,
In our deepest darkness rise!
Scattering all the night of nature,
Pouring eye-sight on our eyes!
- 3 Still we wait for thine appearing,
Life and joy thy beams impart;
Chasing all our fears, and cheering
Every poor benighted heart.
- 4 Come, and manifest the favour
Thou hast for the ransom'd race:
So shall we exalt the Saviour,
Sing the wonders of thy grace.

H Y M N LXXI.

- 1 THERE is a land of pure delight
Where saints immortal reign;
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.
- 2 There everlasting spring abides,
And never-with'ring flowers:
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heav'nly land from ours.
- 3 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand dress'd in living green:
So to the *Jews* old *Canaan* stood,
While *Jordan* roll'd between.
- 4 But tim'rous mortals start and shrink,
To cross this narrow sea,
And linger, shiv'ring on the brink,
And fear to launch away.
- 5 Could we but climb where *Moses* stood,
And view the landskip o'er,
Not *Jordan's* stream, nor death's cold flood,
Should fright us from the shore.

H Y M N LXXII.

- 1 **H**ARK! in the wilderness a cry;
It shakes the mountains, rends the earth;
The King appears, behold Him nigh
The God by nature, man by birth.
- 2 Run to and fro, ye heralds run,
Proclaim aloud, prepare the way!
Redemption's glorious work's begun,
And who his potent arm shall stay!
- 3 Make straight the paths before his feet,
And ev'ry obstacle remove;
Drop down, ye hills, your cumb'rous weight,
And bow before *Redeeming Love*.
- 4 Then shall the lowly valley rise,
Its budding honours spring to view;
Swift the *Creating Fiat* flies,
And all is blissful, all is new.
- 5 Know'st thou the meaning, nature's child?
Know'st thou the import of the cry?
Thy heart's the desert waste and wild;
To which Immanuel draws nigh.

6 Mountains of Unbelief and sin
Before him crumble into dust ;
Thy humbl'd heart shall then begin
His all-restoring hand to trust.

7 By him exalted, know thy state,
A garden rich in fruit and flow'r ;
Thy gracious Master's lov'd retreat,
The wonder of *Redeeming Pow'r*.

H Y M N LXXIII.

1 **SOURCE** of light and pow'r divine,
Deign upon thy truth to shine.
Lord, behold thy servant stands ;
Lo ! to Thee he lifts his hands :
Satisfy his soul's desire ;
Touch his lip with holy fire.

2 Give him, Saviour ! to proclaim
Free Salvation thro' thy name :
And thyself in peace appear,
Every drooping heart to cheer :
Present to each waiting soul,
Breathe thy spirit thro' the whole.

H Y M N LXXIV.

- 1 **L**ORD, dismiss us with thy blessing,
 Fill our hearts with joy and peace ;
 Let us each, thy love possessing,
 Triumph in redeeming grace :
 O refresh us!
 Travelling thro' this wilderness.
- 2 Thanks we give, and adoration,
 For thy Gospel's joyful sound :
 May the fruits of thy salvation
 In our hearts and lives abound :
 May thy presence
 With us evermore be found !
- 3 So, whene'er the signal's given,
 Us from earth to call away ;
 Borne on angels' wings to heaven,
 Glad to leave our cumbrous clay,
 May we ready,
 Rise and reign in endless day !

H Y M N LXXV.

- 1 **S**EE, gracious God, before thy throne
 Thy mourning people bend !
 'Tis on thy sovereign grace alone
 Our humble hopes depend.

- 2 Tremendous judgments from thy hand,
Thy dreadful power display;
Yet mercy spares this guilty land,
And still we live to pray.
- 3 What num'rous crimes increas'ing rise,
Thro' this apostate isle!
What land so favour'd of the skies,
And yet what land so vile:
- 4 O turn us, turn us, mighty Lord,
By thy resistless grace;
Then shall our hearts obey thy word.
And humbly seek thy face.

H Y M N LXXVI.

- 1 GREAT Ruler of the earth and skies,
A word of thy almighty breath
Can sink the world, or bid it rise;
Thy smile is life, thy frown is death.
- 2 When angry nations rush to arms,
And rage, and noise, and tumult reigns,
And war resounds its dire alarms,
And slaughter spreads the hostile plains;
- 3 Thy sovereign eye looks calmly down,
And marks their course, and bounds their pow'r:
Thy word the angry nations own,
And noise and war are heard no more.

- 4 Thou good, and wise, and righteous Lord,
All move subservient to thy will;
And peace and war await thy word,
And thy sublime decrees fulfil.
- 5 To thee we pay our grateful songs,
Thy kind protection still implore;
O may our hearts, and lives, and tongues,
Confess thy goodness and adore.

Sailor's H Y M N LXXVII.

- 1 JESUS, at thy command,
I launch into the deep:
And leave my native land,
Where sin lulls all asleep:
For thee I would the world resign,
And sail to heaven with thee and thine.
- 2 Thou art my pilot wife;
My compass is thy word:
My soul each storm defies,
While I have such a Lord!
I trust thy faithfulness and power,
To save me in the trying hour.
- 3 Tho' rocks and quicksands deep
Thro' all my passage lie:
Yet Christ will safely keep,
And guide me with his eye.

My anchor hope shall firm abide,
And I each boisterous storm outride.

4 By faith I see the land,
The port of endless rest :
My soul, thy sails expand,
And fly to Jesus' breast!
O may I reach the heavenly shore,
Where winds and waves distress no more !

5 Whene'er becalm'd I lie,
And all my storms subside ;
Then to my succour fly
And keep me near thy side ;
For more the treacherous calm I dread,
Than tempests bursting o'er my head.

6 Come, holy Ghost, and blow
A prosperous gale of grace,
Waft me from all below,
To heaven, my destin'd place !
Then, in full sail, my port I'll find,
And leave the world and sin behind.

Musician's H Y M N LXXVIII.

1 THOU God of harmony and love,
Whose name transports the saints above,
And lulls the ravish'd spheres,
On thee in feeble strains I call,
And mix my humble voice with all
Thy heav'nly choristers.

- 2 If aught I know the tuneful art,
 To captivate an human heart,
 The glory, Lord, be thine:
 A servant of thy blessed will,
 I here devote my utmost skill,
 To sound the praise divine.

- 3 With *Tubal's* wretched sons no more
 I prostitute my sacred pow'r,
 To please the fiends beneath,
 To modulate the wanton lay,
 Or smooth with music's hand the way
 To everlasting death.

- 4 Suffice for this the season past:
 I come, great God, to learn at last
 The lessons of thy grace;
 Teach me the new, the Gospel-song,
 And let my head, my heart, my tongue
 Move only to thy praise.

- 5 Thine own musician, Lord, inspire,
 O may I, fill'd with sacred fire,
 Repeat the Psalmist's part!
 His son and thine reveal in me,
 And fill with sacred melody
 The fibres of my heart.

- 6 O might I with thy saints aspire,
 The meanest of that dazzling choir,

Who chaunt thy praise above ;
Mixt with the bright musician band,
May I in holy raptures stand,
And sing the song of love.

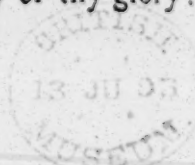
7 What extasy of bliss is there !
While all the angelic concert share,
And drink the floating joys !
What more than extasy, when all
Struck to the golden pavement fall
At Jesus' glorious voice.

8 O might I die that awe to prove !
That prostrate awe which dares not move
Before the great Three One,
To shout by turns the bursting joy,
And all eternity employ
In songs around thy throne.

DOXOLOGY. LXXIX.

PRAISE God from whom all blessings flow !
Praise him all creatures here below !
Praise him above ye heavenly host !
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost !

Holy, holy, holy Lord God of hosts!
heaven and earth are full of the ma-
jesty of thy glory ! Hallelujah ! Amen.



I N D E X.

Page. Hymn.

A

ALAS! and did my Saviour bleed	34	40
Awake our souls, away our fears	42	50
Away, my unbelieving fears -	52	62

B

Beloved Saviour, faithful friend -	5	2
Before Jehovah's awful throne -	10	9
Behold the Saviour of mankind -	33	38
Blow ye the trumpet, blow -	44	53

C

Come, let us join our cheerful songs -	5	3
Come, holy Spirit, come - -	19	20
Children of the heav'nly king - -	22	24
Come, weary souls with sins distressed -	47	56
Come, ye that love the Lord - -	49	59

F

From all that dwell below the skies -	9	8
Father, how wide thy glory shines -	12	12
Father of our dying Lord - -	19	19
For ever here my rest shall be -	30	34
From Salem's gate advancing flow -	35	41
Flow fast my tears, the cause is great	40	48

G

Grateful notes and numbers bring -	10	10
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I N D E X.

	Page	Hymn.
Glory be to God on high - -	12	11
Great God to thy Almighty love -	13	13
Guide us, O thou great Jehovah -	20	21
God moves in a mysterious way -	24	27
Granted is the Saviour's prayer -	38	45
Great Ruler of the earth and skies -	64	76

H

Holy Lamb, who thee receive -	25	28
How sad our state by nature is - -	28	31
Hark! the herald angels sing -	30	35
Hark! the glad sound, the Saviour comes	31	36
He dies! the friend of sinners dies! -	36	43
He comes! behold the judge appear -	40	47
Ho! ev'ry one that thirsts draw nigh -	43	52
Happy soul, that free from harms -	53	63
Hark in the wilderness a cry -	61	72

I

Jesus, thou art our king - -	18	18
Jesus, lover of my soul - -	26	29
Jesu! Redeemer, Saviour, Lord -	49	58
I'll praise my Saviour while I've breath	56	67
Jesus, at thy command - -	65	77

L

Lo! he comes with clouds descending	38	46
Lord of the worlds above - -	58	69
Light of those whose dreary dwelling	59	70
Lord, dismiss us with thy blessing -	63	74

M

My Saviour, thou didst shed -	41	49
My God, the spring of all my joys -	50	60

I N D E X.

Page. Hymn.

N

Now let us raise our cheerful strains	-	6	4
Now begin the heavenly theme	- -	13	14
Now to the Lamb that once was slain		36	42

O

O come, thou wounded Lamb of God,	28	32
Our Lord is risen from the dead	-	37 44
O thou that hear'st when sinners cry	48	57
O render thanks to God above	- -	54 65

P

Plung'd in a gulph of dark despair	-	32	37
Praise the Lord, who reigns above	-	55	66
Praise God from whom all blessings flow		68	79

R

Rejoice, the Lord is king	-	16	16
Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings		43	51

S

Salvation ! O the joyful sound	-	15	15
Shout, for the blessed Jesus reigns	-	17	17
Sinners, obey the Gospel-word	-	45	54
Sweet is the work, O God, our King		54	64
Source of light and pow'r divine	-	62	73
See, gracious God, before thy throne		63	75

T

Thou God of power and God of love	3	1
To God the only wise	-	7 6
The God of Abrah'm praise	- -	8 7
Thou very paschal Lamb	- -	21 23
Thro' all the changing scenes of life		23 25

I N D E X.

	Page.	Hymn.
Thy ways, O Lord, with wise design	23	26
There is a fountain fill'd with blood	29	33
There is a land of pure delight - -	60	71
Thou God of harmony and love - -	66	78

W

Where two or three, with sweet accord	7	5
Wait, O my soul, thy Maker's will	21	22
Where'er, O Lord! we turn our eyes	27	30
When I survey the wond'rous cross -	33	39
When darkness long has veil'd my mind	51	61
We give immortal praise - -	57	68

Y

Ye wretched, hungry, starving poor	46	55
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F I N I S.



